

WHITE OAKS GOLDEN ERA

New Mexico as a State; The Development of Its Resources, and the Elevation of Its People.

VOL. 4.

WHITE OAKS, LINCOLN COUNTY, N. M., DECEMBER 27, 1883.

NO. 3.

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CAMP and COUNTY.

Oh, a funny boy was the devil boy,
Devil a care cared he;
He basted the ed, and he pried the ad,
And he laughed in devilish glee.

1884. poco tiempo.

Tom Wallace is up from the Nogals. Sam Beard was in from the Jicarillas last week.

What did you get in your stocking? A hole lot?

White Oaks is a good location for a quartz-mill.

The sung of the assayer: "Button, button, arise!"

The question of the times; which way is it going to jump?

Why don't we hear from the Bonito? Are you all dead over there?

Assessment work is growing small by degrees and beautifully less.

The Christmas navils made a million different echoes in the mountains.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly."

—Humph! so do those of White Oaks.

Assessments are finished or sinking on the Plata Verde, Little Nell and Star lode.

The music Christmas eve, was excellent. The different performers have general thanks.

"Oh, do not be discouraged," sings another paper. That's so, boys; it is the stayer that wins.

RAILROAD NEWS!! Oh, you needn't get so mad about it; we just wanted to ask if you knew any.

An impromptu dance followed the exercises at the hall on Christmas eve. The young folks will be young.

The smiling countenance of the gentle oyster has been seen in our midst of late—at about one dollar a smile.

Judge Blanchard has moved his court house into the building formerly occupied by Dr. Reid as a drug store.

The Glass stamp mill has been running for the past week on Solitaire ore; the boys are milling a hundred ton lot.

The committee who arranged the Christmas entertainment should feel happy at the general satisfaction expressed.

White Oaks boasts of a pet fawn. We once had a pet bear and a pet wildcat, but they have gone out after wood-bine.

There is still matrimony in the breeze. This thing is getting frightful. It's catching. It is liable to get into the best of families. No one appears to be safe.

Two booming loads of cabbage and other "garden-truck" came in from the agricultural precincts Saturday. We hope the day is not far distant when such an event will attract no attention.

White Oaks has the hardest luck of any camp in the territory. She has been hampered and fooled with beyond all patience, and beyond her just deserts. She has never had a square deal.

The little child of Mr. Hale strayed from home last week, and caused some uneasiness to its parents, who finally found it fast asleep at Dick Young's, where the boys had taken the little stray, not knowing whose it was.

El alcalde de Manchester borrowed a shotgun. He tried to shoot a big wildcat, but it wouldn't go off—that is, the gun wouldn't; the cat went off all right. Then he tried to murder an innocent jack rabbit, with like result. Finally he soaked the gun in water over night, and the next morning she got there booming. Such an life. Some guns is different, Louis.

No Indian news since Fred Mayer's episode. If there had been two or three more of Fred there would probably have been two or three less of the Indians. They reported themselves Jicarillas, and gave conflicting accounts of themselves, saying they left the reservation because no supplies were issued to them. They made very little trouble. They usually begin with some minor outrage of that kind. We will next hear of somebody's horses being stolen.

A question of business ethics is now convulsing a portion of our community, viz.: Whether it is right for a young man to buy a lot of boarding house tickets, "good for one meal," and then only eat two meals a day. It is left to us to decide. To consider the question rightly, it is necessary to know whether he actually is paying \$20, instead of \$30 per month for his board; also whether it takes him more than thirty one days to board a month; also whether he stood the landlord off for the tickets. Our own candid opinion is that it would, but sometimes we don't think

Want to see wheels go round.

"Ye Xmas comes but once a year.

But when yte comes yte brings gode cheer."

Dan McKinley is in from the Torto-

lira ranch.

Ye editor and his wife ate an elegant

Christmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs.

Sligh.

The wife and daughter of Sam Williams arrived last week, and Sam is now happy.

Capt. C. A. Morris, of Lamed, Kas., arrived by Friday's stage, and will spend some time with us.

New Mexican onions are attracting attention in the east by their massive cleanness and finish of design.

New Years books, suitable for engrossing good resolutions, also for turning over a new leaf, for sale at this office.

The revolvers came out on Christmas eve, and those who love their treasured music might have heard several hundred of it.

Mr. Samuel D. Kiser and Mr. Aaron are visiting our town looking after their property, and will spend some time with us.

Uncle John Brothers spread a splendid Christmas dinner. Turkey, oysters and a string of and so-forths. He and Mrs. Brothers savor this sure.

The man with the big, big boots and the white, white hat is not the cowboy nor the westerner; he is the tenderfoot. He has read the books.

The plates of the Glass mill, running on Solitaire ore, are showing up splendidly. The boys feel encouraged. They certainly deserve the best reward for their work, and we want to see them get it.

An experienced observer of New Mexican manners and customs says that whenever you see an American who smokes cigarettes and tries to talk Mexican, or a Mexican who smokes a pipe and tries to talk American, you want to keep away from him, for he is no good.

An exchange says that dogs howl at night because they are cold and uncomfortable. Poor little doggies!

Was they cold, the dearies? May be we'd better build a public hospital, with a steam register in it; or may be we'd better buy a few pounds of buckshot, and fire it into their rear. That'll warm 'em, too.

We hear that Pete Lanum lately met with a serious and nearly fatal accident while at work in the White mountains. He was engaged in warming a stick of giant powder in hot water, when it for some reason exploded, inflicting painful and dangerous injuries. Pete is now at the hospital in Stanton, and it is hoped his hurts will soon be mended.

We hear that Mr. Fletcher, the gentleman who erected the Nogal stamp mill, will be instrumental in putting up another mill provided with Cornish rolls and concentrators in Dry gulch, and that operations will be commenced at an early date. Part of the machinery is now on the ground. Speed the good work, Lincoln county will be well heeled before long, with mills.

On the 19th inst., the necessary steps were taken for filing seven different liens upon the Rockford mine, in the Nogal district. It is to be regretted that this property is lying idle; it and many another in Lincoln county, needs only a little more capital to put it in running order and in a position to help the county. As it is, the legal complications are going to stop it. An outfit that can't pay its miners, however, ought to stop, or be stopped.

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When a young man in this country wants a gold breast pin, or a finger ring, or anything of that kind, he need pay only for the workmanship, for with cradle or pan he can go out into the hills and secure all he needs of pure fine gold. We should think that the recipient of a ring acquired in that way would treasure it for a long, long time. Of course, all gold is obtained by some such labor; but to see the virgin gold which one afterwards wears re-worked and beautified, is a thing which happens to few. We know of several instances here.

Two Mexicans brought in a wagon load of ten deer Wednesday morning on his way to Santa Fe.

Arcadio Sals, treasurer of Lincoln county, passed through town last Friday on his way to Santa Fe.

Jones Taliaferro and E. L. Blood start for the San Andres this morning. J. O. Nabours and John Allen go at the same time to the lower country.

"I tell you, stranger," said the grizzled old frontiersman, as we sat in the office talking over the old times. "The Indians was powerful bad in these parts then, and a man you might say, took his life in his hands when he went out of camp. They run me ten miles one day, with five arrows stickin' in my back floppin' and a rattlin' every jump. That kinder scared the boys, for when they see me comin' they 'lowed I was some new kind of a wind-mill; I jest looked that-uns. 'Nother time, 'n arcer struck me in the leg, and run up along the bone and broke off; there's about six inches of it in there yet, and that's what makes that leg sorter stiff, you see. Then agin, I had about two inches of the lower end of my heart shot off by one of them cursed Spencer 56's; I've allus wondered why that didn't kill me, someway. Then I was shot in the left lung with buckshot; it kinder made me sore, like, and I've been coughin' up buckshot ever since, 'bout half a pound altogether; here's the bag I kerry 'em in. I've often thought that lung was a little bit affected by that, I hev, indeed. But stranger, the worst hurt I ever got, was when I got shot in the back by a load of slugs, and balls, and buckshot, and things. It was a spent load, and jest knocked me down; but sir, every one of them slugs and things made a blue spot on me as big as a hen-egg. When I got up, I could hear 'em rollin' off my back down the 'royo, more'n quarter of a mile. I gathered a few 'em up, and here's the bag I kerry 'em in. If you don't believe it—nineteen buckshot, twelve slugs and seven Minies. Darndest wonder in the world to me how that load hung together so well after goin' so fur. Yes, yes, them was wild old days, and don't you neglect to remember it." And a deep, pensive look filled the eye of the old man as he looked out on his stiff leg which was kicked by a burro.

Married.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Eagle Creek, at 7 p. m., of the 24th inst., Mr. E. Cochran and Miss Mollie Holder. We wish the contracting parties joy, heartily and sincerely. Richard will prove a model son-in-law, Mr. Holder, a true and happy husband. United on the joyous Christmas eve, may the life of this worthy couple be a perpetual holiday. Married on very nearly the shortest day of the year, may their shadow never grow less.

The Christmas Tree.

The Christmas tree festivities of Monday evening were a success in every respect, and a triumph to the ladies who had the details in management. The decorations were as complete and tasty as any in the showy churches of the east, being in fact of no mean pretensions, inasmuch as the hands which arranged them had at their disposal the resources of a forest embracing a half dozen varieties of beautiful evergreens, together with mistletoe, wild berries and all the natural perquisites of Christmas. The crosses on the side walls were especially beautiful. The tree itself was a tall and comely spruce, and a finer for the purpose never grew.

The exercises were opened with music by organ, violin, guitar and banjo; then the little folks took possession, and entertained the audience for a time with declamations, whose tone and whose delivery showed careful choice and careful training. All acquitted themselves nobly. The most unique Santa Claus we ever saw was then ushered in, whom few guessed to be the irrepressible Jim Redman. With profuse remarks he stripped the beautiful and glittering tree of its joyous fruit and handed it down to the eager, happy little hands. The boom of the Christmas guns, fired by the boys upon the street, meantime held a loud accompaniment. The audience was quiet and orderly. Nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion.

Space forbids our specifying individual merit of those who lent a hand or a voice, but we can not refrain from the liveliest commendation of the untiring efforts of Mrs. E. W. Tucker, Mrs. Dr. and others, who united in

dancing for us the best public entertainment our town has known.

The Dance.

The dance on Christmas night was a most enjoyable occasion, and was fairly attended by all the young people who dance, all the old people who dance, all those who could dance and didn't, and all those who couldn't dance and wanted to. Fifty-five couples danced. The excellent music was furnished by Messrs. Bonnell, Albright, Wallace, Sam Williams and Keely, who rested each other on the organ, violins and banjo, while Mrs. Green assisted admirably with the guitar. The main credit for the entertainment is due to Messrs. Fred Blood and Elmer Albright, upon whom fell the burden of management, although all interested gave their cordial assistance. It is impossible to tell who was the best looking, best dressed, best behaved, or best dancer, or to give the details of the program. Probably the most imposing event of the evening was when the aged Baxter mountain poet, the young Carriazo poet, the Alcalde of Manchester, and Jimmy the Jigger, all danced in the same set. "An was an awe inspiring sight; nothing prettier, and 'gihin' speaks more highly for dance amusement, than I see the old young dancing together; the certainly dy'acquit themselves indeed. Our devil Manuel danced he sas this morning that his him.

Wanted to name the ball, had finally figured it out own satisfaction, but dare not result, as we are already married. Everything passed off late in the evening a pane of accidentally broken, but the it occasional soon blew over.

A most elegant supper of cold meats, salad, coffee served at Dr. Lanes', and order and absence of con service was remarked by all.

Notice!

A meeting of the Lincoln County Stock Association, to take place on Monday, Jan. 21, '84, at 10 o'clock at Roswell, for the purpose of very important business, tending an opportunity to men to unite. It is very important to all members to be present. W. E. ANDERSON.

Red Cloud.

The snow has disappeared from the low land, except where it was drifted; but there is plenty in the mountains, which is melting. An abundance of water for present use.

O. D. Kelsey was up to the camp this week, and Wm. Frost took a ride to the Oaks for his health when O. D. returned.

Messrs. Spence and Howard are finishing up assessments for this year.

I have just received a letter from J. E. Nourse. He has been to Mora and bought a lot of cattle for his ranch in Oldham county, Texas, and is getting along fine. He will not return to Red Cloud till next fall.

Dr. B. F. Smith will not be back to start his smelter till next spring. He says he has procured the necessary funds, but is awaiting the actions of some other parties that are interested with him. Perhaps we will see him when he comes.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

This really remarkable periodical—(remarkable for its cheapness and literary and artistic merit), commences its seventeenth volume with the January number, and a more attractive one has never been issued by any of its contemporaries. The first of a series of articles is given by Evert A. Duyckinck, "New York: Past and Present"; Mrs. Ann S. Stephens contributes a charming Christmas story, "Half a Dollar," and Etta W. Pierce continues her most interesting serial, "A Dark Deed." There are articles by Victor M. Hollingsworth, N. Robinson, A. R. Fuller, Noel Rutledge, Edward J. Hale, Sarah K. Bolton, Professor Edward Hallack, Millie W. Carpenter, and short stories, descriptive articles, narratives, adventures and pages are bristling with literary and artistic gems. Besides the more than 100 illustrations the number is embellished with a full colored plate frontispiece, "Dream." The price is only one dollar, or \$2.50 a year, postage free. Mrs. Frank Leslie, Publisher, Park Place, New York.